The Storagram

Vol. V. APRIL 1924 No. IV

SLANTS ON LIFE JOBS

It's a responsible job. I adore responsibility. I love packing a load; but one must do the thing right. I think that a man who fears to carry a weight of responsibility upon his shoulders, absolutely all to himself, and to do it joyously, is falling down a little in his manhood. I think that the greatest thing—one of them—there are so many great things—is to be able to feel the joy of having a load stuck upon your shoulders that you know is too much for you—and then set your teeth, dig your toes in, and off up the high hill trail—load and all. It's the very **deuce** of a job, but it has fine compensations.

The STORAGRAM

The management does not see this publication until it is issued, therefore assumes no responsibility for articles printed in it

Published monthly by and for the employees of Kaufmann's, "The Big Store"; printed and bound in our own Printing Shop

Vol. V Pittsburgh, Pa., *April* No. 4

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"COURTESY AND INTEREST"

To every artisan, the tools of his trade in life are priceless. They are the instruments of his existence, with which no others can favorably compare and accordingly, he places upon them the highest valuation his mind can conjure. They are polished most carefully, guarded most zealously and used most delicately—for they are the means of Life.

So it is with an organization dedicated to the Service of the Public. Service is our excuse for existence and the keenest tools of Service are these two, Courtesy and Interest.

Without either or both our Service is a shapeless and non-impressive creation. By the same ratio, such Service can only beget mediocre success and our ideal is tottering when we falter after reaching our present plane in the Public's estimation.

During the remainder of this "Courtesy and Interest" Campaign, let us keep Courtesy and Interest ever uppermost in our minds—that these precious tools may always be fit to model our Service into its most appealing form for our master-in-common, the Public.

—IRWIN D. WOLF.

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Cruising About The (a) Isles Of The Store

By The Old Reporter

Greetings! This will mark my first cruise in many moons—but I still have the same old zest for this sort of thing. I notice we have a "new reporter" in this issue and really must compliment him upon his stuff—he certainly made a lot of folks forget poor me. But now to business and a "log" of my cruise.

Basement

Where sailing is rough and only an experienced elbow-expert can navigate safely. These hustling, bustling shoppers would even make one forget Courtesy and Interest resolutions.

Ah! I see Mrs. Solomon chatting with one of her saleslades but I'm much too fearful to interrupt. If she reads this, she'll probably be on the lookout for me when I make my next cruise. Guess I'll make tack and turn to the Foreign Department. I have a Chinese laundry slip that needs verification. Which reminds me, I must put a want slip in for a Mongolian interpreter. Wish Mr. Haas were here that I could tell him about it.

There goes Paley disguised as Harold Lloyd and he's hitching his trousers as he walks. That's a nervous habit and he ought to get rid of it. He's headed for upstairs so I won't chase. Over in the musical part of the Basement now. Nice place to stall, but I have the rest of the store above me and must spread sails now. Behind a worried mother with her crying child—to the

First Floor

Just bumped into a fine Suggestive Selling incident. A courteous saleslady in the Jewelry section is assisting a woman select suitable earrings by trying out the various hues and giving her opinions of each. The opinions are very well grounded and I'm certain she'll make the sale. At least, she has made another Courtesy and Interest fan and her efforts have been noticed.

Along a crowded aisle to the Book Department where Mr. McGhee is found, his broad Scotch dialect sounding most literary to a slangy, unlettered one as myself. A few words with Macks, a hasty promise to boost the elevator service and I find myself stranded in the Shoe Department. Cohen and Kirkpatrick are talking "window display", which means that Archie Greiner is due for an interview soon. There's a tired mother nonchalantly sitting with her sleeping infant on her lap. These seats here are most handy indeed.

Back to the Stationery section to overhear a bright youngster call our beautiful display of Easter Cards, "nice Valentines, aren't they?" A visit to the Soda Fountain, some bowling gossip with Mr. Drake and I am steering for the escalator. Soon on the

Second Floor

And a delightful visit to the Sporting Goods where I fondle baseball bats, scoop imaginary grounders with a glove on my hand and have a fine old time. Walker knows I'm harmless and doesn't mind a bit. Ported helm and headed for the Auto Supplies section but soon left that port as nobody noticed me. Nothing much to be seen but worth a stop the next time, I suppose.

A nod to Mrs. Berger who has forgotten me, "hello" to Gallagher and I sail along under full canvas to the Land of Kuppenheimer. Barney Blum with a new suit that really is worth a column, engages my attention long enough for a little scandal chat. My own outfit contrasts too well to stay longer, so I'm bound for the other side of the floor.

There's Walker. I've known him by sight since my malted milk days when Mother used to say, "Yes, he's a nice baby when he doesn't make any noise, but he's such a bother"—in response to Mr. Walker's polite inquiry. (I got this hearsay). And Mr. Bauerley is here as usual with his professional smile, though I don't doubt its sincerity one bit. Mr. Patterson is obligingly doing a favor for a customer, so I'll not bother him. Breezing up the escalator again to "No Man's Land", the

Third Foor

Here I am greeted effusively by Heyman but lose sight of him in an endeavor to keep up with his meanderings during our chat. Must have covered a mile exchanging pleasantries but my O'Sullivan's are strange to carpeted floors. While gathering breath, Wolk comes over. He's a handsome brute and strangely enough, has a disposition to match "that newsboy complexion". Now to interrupt Mr. Kuehn and Miss Robb before I spread sails again. Mr. Kuehn is unfortunately dry of gossip just now and Miss Robb is on the go again. I ought to say I saw Mr. Kuehn on the scales the other day and he tipped the beam at two hundred and—ch, I won't say the rest, for safety's sake.

To the Millinery section where I take soundings and bewail the fruit spoilage that was caused in decorating these new Easter skypieces. Others moan about "the poor birds" when they see their plumage on hats and it's just as sensible to shed tears for the poor cherries, peaches, pineapples and other vegetation that adorns Fashion's latest. Too silly now, will hoist anchor and seek port on the

Fourth Floor

A much troubled place since the moving fever set in. Buckets of paint, scaffolding and ladde constitute the present scenic display but with it is an interesting place. I don't think whi paint would rhyme well with my suit so you excuse my haste to make for safer seas righ now.

Over with Schwartz but mightily careful as he has a way of making playful digs in tender ribs. He's a bit nettled because I am bragging a bit, but I'm sure he sees through my designs. The cruise might come to an untimely end—oh there's Wagner, I'll seek safe mooring with him for a time. Another Adonis, this fellow. I feel ready for a new suit every time I see him. Pleasantries are exchanged and then I continue the voyage, stopping to greet McLaughlin. A furtive peek at the Beauty Shop suffices for

I'm a bashful Juan. Now on the

Fifth Floor

Where scented cedar boxes, beautiful tapestry hangings and delicate webbed curtains greet one's nostrils and sight. One saleslady is hunting for Mr. Mandel, (as I am), for advice. It seems she told a customer that a certain style cedar chest was in stock at the N. S. Warehouse, only to find by 'phone that there was none of that style there. Hope she gets it straightened out but can't wait for final returns.

Over in Silverstein's domain. Beautiful Bird of Paradise rug has attracted the interest of a couple of shoppers—it really is a pretty one, but I won't wait to hear its price. Three girls in fur coats are esconced on a pile of rag rugs in a whispered conference. Pungent odor of linoleum drowns memory of the cedar chests as I wallow past with full steam, heading for the

Sixth Floor

A sign beside the stairway door informs me I can get furniture and credit here. I haven't the money to get the first, nor the inclination to get the second. The sign's wrong. I see beautiful foulards, (that's what they call silks now, is it not?) and exquisite materials in a rainbow variety of hues. And Joe Bruckmiller in their midst, looking for Archie Greiner. Wonderful view of the new Mellon Bank from these windows.

Passing the Toy section and struggling with a desire to slide down one of the slides. Poked my fingers at the bunnies in their pen but the creatures are either too docile or too well fed to play with me.

Seventh Floor

Where the new bride generally makes her first stop, to buy utensils for cooking her digestion-wrecking receipes. Took a look at the Efficiency Kitchen but was fearful I might be called in to use a can-opener, so beat a hasty retreat. Made a gallery visit of the pictures but found the mirrors more interesting. Then to the Radio Department but could not tarry. Sailing through myriads of lighting fixtures, and so to the

Eighth Floor

Where my tour used to end. A hurried trip across here does not disclose much. Linder is rather busy, McLain is selling a customer and Nick Kolling just went off the floor. So will I. Up the stairway to the

Ninth Floor

Where my way is barred, for which rebuff I'll keep to the stairs. Now for a busy time on the

Tenth Floor

The Misses Dwyer and Flynn in earnest conference. Mr. Wolfe with a perplexed frown, looking through correspondence that seems as bulky as a movie star's mash notes. Mr. Braunstein is eulogizing some " house beautiful" but I don't know which one he means. Mr. Abbott and Mr. Adams are having a stormy time with a buyer who wants—oh, a full page or two, I guess.

Now in anchorage at John Eberle's port and talking international affairs with Frank, his recently imported assistant. A sharp turn and I encounter Mr. O. M. Kaufmann, who seems to be headed for the hospital—albeit, I don't quite gather whether he is after medical attention or merely information. Miss McKenzie is entering Mr. Greene's office, I'll go over to the other stairway. A short spasm of stairs and I'm on the

Eleventh Floor

Was convoyed by Mr. Reizenstein, who seems to seek stairs for exercise, in lieu of a "daily dozen". The briefest of peeks at the One Hour Dress exhibition and then to the elevators. Mr. Klein and Mr. E. J. Kaufmann are entering an elevator warmly praising the exhibition all the while. Up to

Twelfth Floor

Miss Giltenboth vanishing from sight in one of these passages. I'm lost here. Along comes Jack Legorio, of "The Big Store" ball team. He helps me out with some directions, for which I'm grateful enough. Finally straighten my course and steer for the

Thirteenth Floor

Where I rest tired feet and soothe ruffled nerves by means of a chair, a smoke and some coffee. Mrs. Davis and her son are in line for congratulations for their work here, I'm sure. The girls look neat and fresh in their uniforms —they'll think I look "fresh", if I don't sail along. Listened to a couple of colored chaps harmonizing in their dining room and was reminded of that show of all shows, "Shuffle Along", the liveliest one I've ever seen. These folk are certainly musical. All busy in the Laundry.

My cruise is ended. The next time, I'll be

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ABOUT THE UMBRELLA SCHEME

The recent order from the office of the General Superintendent regarding the umbrella-loan service offered to employees, calls for some comment on our part. Personally, we hate to carry rainsticks because we feel so foolish when the shower is over and the sun comes out. But we think this is a most unique and certainly a handy service for the store people.

We would like to impress upon you the necessity of treating this favor justly and living up to your end of the agreement thoroughly. In the first place, don't take an umbrella unless it is raining, the weather forecasters are not that dependable.

Then too, don't trade the umbrella off in a restaurant, unless you get the best of the trade. Don't open the umbrella under a roof, it's unlucky—what's more, it's foolish. Don't borrow two umbrellas for any reason whatsoever, if one won't cover you, get a tent—or stay out of the rain.

(From the office of the General Nuisance.)

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Open Too Long

Some so-called open minds should be closed for repairs.—Arkansaw Thomas Cat.

Friendly Candor

Friend: "My, vot a rotten cigar you giff me!"

Storekeeper: "You should worry. You got vun; I got five hundred."—Selected.

The Speech that ought to be made by State Governor after visiting the Fall Exposition of an Agricultural Society

"Well, gentlemen, this Annual Fall Fair of the Skedink County Agricultural Association has come round again. I don't mind telling you straight out that of all the disagreeable jobs that fall to me as Governor of this State, my visit to your Fall Fair is about the toughest.

I want to tell you, gentlemen, right here and now, that I don't know anything about agriculture and I don't want to. My parents were rich enough to bring me up in the city in a rational way. I didn't have to do chores in order to go to the high school, as some of those present have boasted that they did. My only wonder is that they ever got there at all. They show no trace of it.

This afternoon, gentlemen, you took me all round your live-stock exhibit. I walked past, and through, nearly a quarter of a mile of hogs. What was it that they were called—Tamworths—Berkshires? I don't remember. But all I can say, gentlemen, is—phew! Just that. Some of you will understand readily enough. That word sums up my whole idea of your agricultural show and I'm done with it.

No, let me correct myself. There was just one feature of your agricultural exposition that met my warm approval. You were good enough to take me through the section of your exposition called your Midway Pleasance. Let me tell you, sirs, that there was more real merit in that than all the rest of the show put together. You apologized, if I remember rightly, for taking me into the large tent of the Syrian Dancing Girls. Oh, believe me, gentlemen, you needn't have. Syria is a country which commands my profoundest admiration. Some day I mean to spend a vacation there. And, believe me, gentlemen, when I do go,—and I say this with all the emphasis of which I am capable,—I should not wish to be accompanied by such a set of flatheads as the officials of your Agricultural Society.

And now, gentlemen, as I have just received a fake telegram, by arrangement, calling me back to the capital of the State, I must leave this banquet at once. One word in conclusion: If I had known as fully as I do now how it feels to drink half a bucket of sweet cider, I should certainly never have come."

From "Moonbeams for the Larger Lunacy" by Stephen Leacock.

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A BOQUET FOR STEWART

Swissvale, Pa.,
March 29, 1924.

Mr. E. J. Kaufmann,

Dear Sir:—

On March 6th, forty-one of the members of the Swissvale Philanthropic Society held a luncheon in your Dining Room and it certainly was very nice—and enjoyed by all.

Mr. Stewart deserves great credit as both service and food could not have been better, and we felt we owed him some recognition in return.

Sincerely,

MRS. ROBERT FOWLER.
Chairman.

1934 Columbia Ave.

OUR NEW TRAVEL BUREAU

Monday, March eleventh, marked the addition of an entirely new department to our organization, when Kaufmann's Travel Bureau was opened to our patrons. In conjunction with the American Express Company, whose service is world-wide, our store now is fully equipped to handle all the many phases of travel business, coupled with the sale of Travelers' Cheques, Money Orders, and Baggage and Accident Insurance, and many other necessities of the traveler.

For the management of this bureau, Mr. E. R. Johnston was selected, coming from the main office of the American Express Company in the Standard Life Building, where he enjoyed an enviable reputation in his chosen work.

This new department is a decided factor in our store. The various services offered cannot be obtained at a similar agency in Pittsburgh. It is an uncommon convenience for our customers, as well as employees. Reservations and tickets can be secured with the saving of time and trouble. Information is gladly given, and suggestions offered without obligation.

Mr. Johnston says that the ultimate success of this new bureau depends very largely on the co-operation of the employees. The services will be advertised, but the personal contact is worth a great deal more, and this is being counted on from every employee in Kaufmann's.

Pay a visit there sometime, and find out what you can do to help. If you know anyone who is going to take a trip, send them up, or give their names to Mr. Johnston, and we will have just one more reason for calling ourselves "The Big Store".

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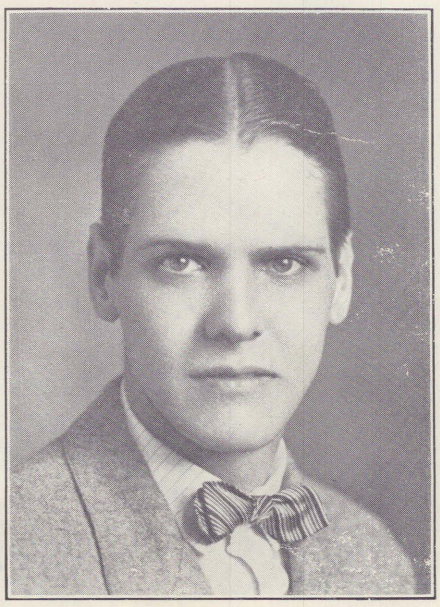
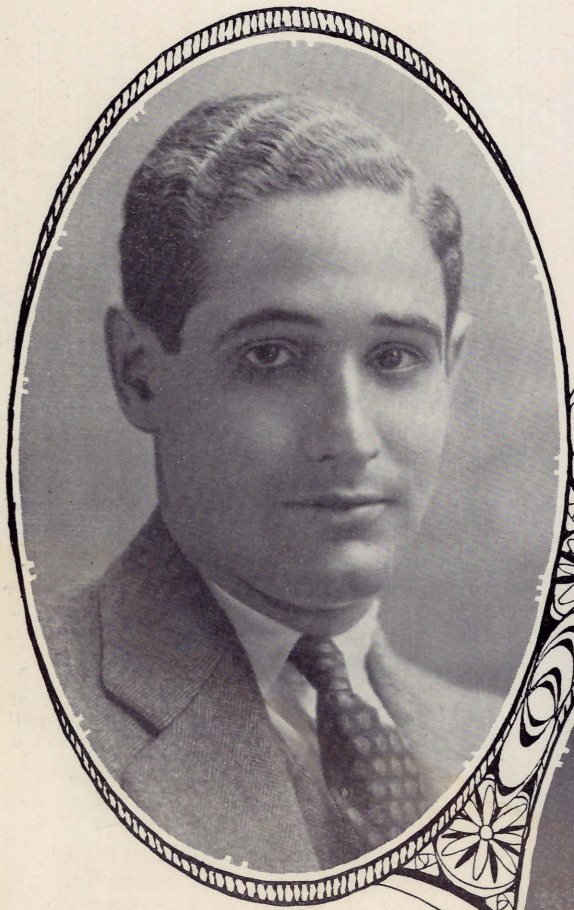


Introducing Mr. E. R. Johnston



Congratulations to
Mr. OLIVER M. KAUFMANN
our new Treasurer
Elected February 1924

Introducing
Mr. IRWIN D. WOLF
our new Secretary
Elected February 1924

Mr. Oliver M. Kaufmann

While Mr. Kaufmann has attained the office of Treasurer at an age when most men are still climbing from lower levels, his rise was not so rapid that he missed the strenuous work most of us encounter. Quite the contrary, his store life has been one hard job after another—increasing in responsibility with each new change.

In April 1914, a trifle over ten years ago, Mr. Kaufmann came to "The Big Store" to start his life work. His first job was in the Wagon Call Department, where he served until he was assigned to the Return Goods Department. Here he checked in returned goods, made out credits and helped return the merchandise to the various departments.

Later he was transferred to the Complaint Department where he schooled himself in diplomacy by handling every phase of this work, interviewing customers, tracing complaints, filing records —in brief, doing every duty this branch of our service demands. After two years of this, his executive ability asserted itself and he was transferred to the Furniture Complaint Department as its manager.

In 1919, Mr. Kaufmann left the Furniture Complaint Department to joint the newly organized Systems Department, and continued in this work for a year or more. The next advancement made him the General Superintendent of the store, the youngest executive of that type in the country, by the way.

In February of this year, Mr. Kaufmann made his latest bit of progress, being elected Treasurer of the Kaufmann Department Stores, Inc.

His varied experience in minor positions gave him a thorough insight into the problems of fellow-workers and when he became General Superintendent, he utilized this knowledge as a means of seeing the store's problems from the employee's viewpoint as well as from that of an executive. The close contact with the store's people also instilled in Mr. Kaufmann a democratic feeling of fellowship that broadened his sympathy and helped him understand them when real understanding was most needed.

He is always on the job, ready and willing to listen to recommendations from fellow-workers and big enough to be fair at all times. His experience working beside them has won for him the respect of every employee and many of them boast of his friendship. Associate executives find him most agreeable, of a prophetic turn of mind and all predict a bright future in the offing.

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Mr. Irwin D. Wolf

The career of Mr. Wolf, like Mr. Kaufmann's, is a record of achievement by hard work. Born on July 8, 1894 (confidential), his youth was that of any ordinary boy and his ambitions probably not a whit different from those of the rest of us. He graduated from Western Military Academy in 1909 and entered Washington Mr. Wolf found university life less to his liking than business and left in 1911 to work as a grocery clerk with the S. L. Joseph Mercantile Co. of Paragould, Ark.

From 1911 to 1917 he was successively a yard goods salesman, an assistant men's clothing buyer, a buyer of men's clothing, secretary and general manager of the firm and finally, chairman of the board of directors. In 1917, Mr. Wolf was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the Signal Corps of the U. S. Army, later to be transferred to the air service, (non-flying division).

In the air service, he was advanced to a first lieutenancy and then to a captaincy. At the close of the war, Captain Wolf again changed title and branch of service by obtaining a commission as major in the United States Reserve Corps, which commission he still holds.

After leaving the regular army, Major Wolf returned to the S. L. Joseph Mercantile Co. in Paragould and remained there for two years. Then he entered a partnership and engaged in the cotton business in Memphis, Tenn., under the firm name of Wolf and Bascho.

On February 1, 1923, he came to Kaufmann's and has been with us since. His recent election as Secretary of the firm climaxes a career that is most colorful to date and his many friends in "The Big Store" unite in proffering congratulations. His pleasing personality, easy-to-come smile and genial ways are sure-fire weapons of friendliness for the Major and he is already one of the most popular men of the store. An ideal executive and an all-round "good fellow" to the whole store family, we might say as a conclusion.

MISS GRIFFIN GOES TO EUROPE

Miss Helen F. Griffin, buyer for Gloves is on her first European buying trip. She left New York, April 2nd, on the Berengaria and anticipates an eventful and interesting trip.

On her return, Miss Griffin has promised THE STORAGRAM a good article.

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On Wednesday ,March 26, 1924, after business hours, Miss Griffin, buyer of the Glove Dept., who sailed for Europe was hostess at a farewell dinner in one of the popular restaurant's in the city, for the girls of her department. Covers were laid for 16. After dinner they went to Miss Griffin's home and spent the rest of the evening. Miss O'Hanlon entertained with piano solos, then all joined in singing and Mrs. Kelly showed them a few of the latest steps. Refreshments were next served, and presentation of a beautiful camera was made to Miss Griffin, which she may enjoy having with her on the trip. Before going home, cheers were given (even though they weren't like Bear Run cheers, but the girls are going to Bear Run and learn them this year), and best wishes extended for a safe and pleasant journey. Sunday evening, March 30, at 9:45 o'clock, Miss Griffin left for New York. Many of the girls from her department were at the station to see her off.

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Men's Clothing Whispers

Mrs. E. C. Smith, a 20-year-old veteran is taking a rest in conjunction with a trip to Florida to look over an investment made in an orange grove, some years ago. We hope there are oranges.

Isaac Goodman, is attaining fame as a globe trotter, having recently returned from a journey to Cuba. We trust his attack of sea legs will not discourage his trip to Raspberry Park at vacation time.

Mr. E. M. Meyer. Back again from a six-weeks' buying trip, to England and Scotland. Judging from his good looks, he certainly must have enjoyed his trip immensely. We are glad to have him back with us again.

Miss Catherine O'Connor Leaves

Miss Catherine O'Connor, secretary to Mr. B. L. Traub, left "The Big Store," Saturday, March 29, 1924, to assume new duties with a local manufacturing concern. Miss O'Connor will be missed by many in the store as she made many friends in the two years she was with us. We will miss her pleasant smile, especially the dimples. We wish her good-bye and good-luck.

We welcome to "The Big Store," Miss Mary Youkaske, who has taken the place vacated by Miss O'Connor in Mr. Traub's office.

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Mrs. Glenn Saffell who spent the last three months in St. Petersburg, Fla., has returned to her work in the store. She appears to have greatly enjoyed her southern visit

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HOUSEFURNISHING HOWLS

Mr. Flynn, our buyer, has gone to Europe on a buying trip. Hope he has a pleasant trip.

Would like to know what Koerner drinks or eats that makes him so crazy. Tried to get him to go in the show they had at the store but was too late. He promised for the next one.

We have one lovesick Romeo out here and he is forever giving the boys a line about his queen. Bert sure has got it bad. Sees her every night and every day. And the best of it is he won't give any of the boys a chance to see her. But wait, we will get a look at Peggy or bust.

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YOU PAY FOR YOUR SUPERVISOR

Every employee pays for superintending and inspection.

Some pay more and some less.

That is to say, a dollar-a-day man would receive two dollars a day were it not for the fact that someone has to think for him, look after him, and supply the will that holds him to his task.

Make no mistakes about this: Incompetence and disinclination require supervision, and they pay for it and no one else does.

The less you require looking after and the more able you are to stand alone and complete your tasks, the greater your reward.

Then, if you can not only do your own work, but direct intelligently and effectively the efforts of others, your reward is in exact ratio; and the more people you can direct and the higher the intelligence you can rightly lend, the more valuable is your life.

The law of wages is as sure and exact in its working as the law of the standard of life.

You can go to the very top and find men like Edison, who keep a vast army at work and has not only deathless fame, but a fortune larger than any dreams of avarice.

And you can go down the scale and find men who will not work themselves, and no one can make them work, and so their lives are worth nothing and they are a tax and a burden on the community.

Do your work so well that it will require no supervision, and by doing your own thinking you will save the expense of hiring someone to think for you.

—DOCKRELL.

Two Merry Lads Of Ireland

—at least that is the way we were impressed when first shown the photograph. Instead, it happens to be Miss Marie O'Connor of the Tenth Floor (left) and her companion impersonator, Miss Jewel Sullivan.

The costumes here were worn in an Irish revue on March 17th, at St. Canice's School Hall —later in the auditorium of the Knights of Columbus on Fourth Avenue. We certainly regret having missed the enjoyment of attending one of the performances because all who witnessed the revue spoke highly of its talented members.

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REAL COURTESY AND INTEREST

A few weeks ago a customer lost a ring containing several keys. She called at the Service Desk on the first floor to inquire if they had been left there. Miss Katherine McGraw was very courteous and took a kindly interest in the loss. She went to the telephone and called other departments she thought might possibly know something about them. This was not Courtesy and Interest week, so the young lady was not specializing. The keys were found and returned to the owner.

A second call was made on Miss McGraw. She was just as polite on this occasion as she had been on the first. It must be habitual with her. If there were more of these obliging helpers it would be a good drawing card for "The Big Store." Service is the keynote of success, and this young lady surely renders the very best.

A TRIBUTE FOR THE SHOPPING BUREAU

Kaufmann's "The Big Store"
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Attention of Mr. E. J. Kaufmann, President

Dear Sir:—

I feel that I must express my appreciation for the services of your most efficient shoppers, connected with the "Shopping Bureau".

Although I have not met Mrs. Wood face-to-face, she has many times taken her **personal** time to make selections for me. She has practically weaned me away from buying elsewhere.

The personal interest taken means much, and my experience shopping "the Shopping Bureau way" has been most successful.

I am pleased to say that I have been delighted with their discriminating taste and the unusual value received. (The service is a boon to a busy mother).

It occurred to me a very little thing to write you extolling their services, for it has been most satisfactory at all times. As I have three young children, it is only on rare occasions I get to town.

I am most grateful for services rendered and believe the shoppers well deserve "my little tribute."

Most sincerely,

(Mrs.) GLADYS E. STENDER.

5409 Black St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Hosiery Department

The girls of Department B, welcome their Floorman, Mr. Green, formerly on the Fourth Floor. All wish him success.

Miss Fleming from the Women's Hosiery Department extends her thanks to the girls of the department for the flowers and kindness shown at the time of her bereavement. Miss Fleming's mother died in January.

Beware—Boys—Miss Speegel from the Men's Hosiery Department is thinking of taking advantage of Leap Year. She failed in her first attempt. She missed her step and the floor gladly received her. Mr. Right was not in the department at the time.

Wonder where Miss Solomon gets her drag at the Harris. She simply walks in without paying. Her excuse was she couldn't find the ticket box. Looks bad, Mary.

Miss Berry's pass words—Explain it, or just what do your mean?

Miss Bischoff has become very popular. Every evening a car and gentleman calls for her after work.

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MOTHER GOOSE

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
For scissors to shingle her hair;
But soon she discovered
Her roof was uncovered,
And little to shingle was there.
(Inspired by Miss Craig's latest).

THE STORAGRAM

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APRIL 1924

ON SPRING

SPRING is a capricious season—a period of contrasting moods, when beautiful weather makes sluggish living and miserable weather brings disgruntled complaints. It is the open season for sulphur-and-molasses, seed catalogues and moonstruck poets, whose romatic thoughts run in an "O-what-is-so-rare-as-a-day-in-June" channel.

For the baseball fan, it's a blissful time and grandmothers of office boys boost the mortality rate at frightening speed. For golfers, it's a season of fresh-scented greens and fairways and excuses for absences from dinners are plentiful and new.

For the girls, it's promenade time—when Life becomes a Fashion display and Sundays are remembered for the millinery and apparel worn each time. Then too, there's Love for the girls, but practical minded men of medicine diagnose Spring love attacks as mere melancholia brought upon by a sudden change from sordid Winter weather.

For Mother—it's the same as any other season. The're all the same for Mother and Spring generally means house-cleaning anyway.

For Father—it's a nice season for the particular sport he likes best and he wouldn't have a complaint to make if it were not for the silly practice of the womenfolk in dolling up at Easter-time.

But all in all, Spring is a wonderful season. The world crawls from its Winter drabness to a verdure most beautiful and love of Life is renewed in every human heart.

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WHAT IS NEWS?

THE scarcity of interesting "personals" is fast becoming almost a menace to the popularity of our magazine and, as we are naturally alarmed at anything that threatens our editorial job, we are pleading for a remedy at once. Some folks say the fault lies in the failure of the employees to recognize the news value of the tales they hear, the incidents they take part in and the happenings they hear.

News for THE STORAGRAM, is any interesting bit of truth that concerns "The Big Store", its folks and its friends. It is neither "good", "better" or "best" like groceries or dry goods—it cannot be divided into kinds or quality. News has but a single descriptive, it is **always truthful.**

Now if Bill Smith in your department comes in some morning with a beautiful black eye and lays the blame on his wife—don't tell the rest of us about it. Of course it's news and it's truthful enough perhaps but it wouldn't be fair to other husbands or to Mrs. Smith either, if we would publish the story.

On the other hand, if Bill Smith comes in with a picturesque "shiner" and pulls the old "bumped-my-eye-on-the-door-knob" gag, you owe it to all the others who know Bill, to spread the story. And, if we may be pardoned the free advertising, THE STORAGRAM is the best medium to use.

So when Agnes gets her hair shingled, pulls some humorous faux pas, lands a beau or figures in any "newsy", truthful incident—let us broadcast it for you. We must make THE STORAGRAM popular with everybody but we can't do all the news-scouting ourselves.

Send your story to the office and sign your name and department to every contribution. Let's get a store magazine worthy of the store—and for the love o' Mike, save the poor Editor's job.

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"From too much love of living,
From Hope and Fear set free;
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be;
That no man lives forever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river,
Winds somewhere safe to the sea."
—SWINBURNE.

THERE'S an end to all things mortal, a permanent respite from even the natural disappointments of living. As Swinburne so beautifully paints it, even Death has a glamour that is worth looking forward to with an emotion other than Fear.

Our work-a-day tasks are trying and, when we attempt to weigh the worth of them daily, they seem to show no indication of Progress. But Success is no advertiser. It happens along at the unexpected moment and the very suddenness of it makes it all the more appreciated.

You are working for yourself. Let your boss keep the ledger of your worth and watch you climb—save your own attention for the job of climbing. Whether he sees your every action does not matter nearly so much as whether the end of the day brings satisfaction to you.

An excellent campaign plan would be to ask yourself every evening, "What did I learn today that was unknown to me yesterday?" If you can't think of a single thing you have learned, **do** recollect some kindness you have performed. Quit working against Time, it has mastered generations of geniuses. Be your own boss!

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So many folks who cast their bread upon waters except it to return as pie. All of which may be a summary of the world's pessimism.

A customer astounded Mr. Johnston of our Travel Bureau by inquiring about the location of the Sixth Floor. When he told her that it was the floor above the Fifth, she thanked him most graciously and walked over to the elevator.

A FABLE IN SLANG

Once upon a Time and not so Long ago that "Yes, We Have No Bananas" was not the national Anthem, a snappy Sofa-Lizard named Chester left the Great army of the Unemployed to work for "The Big Store". How he got Past the Quizzing of the Employment Office is more Mysterious that the Teapot Dome Scandal—but, as the Fable goes, he Landed behind a counter in One of the Men's Departments.

Now when Chester was a child he Had shown Wandering talents that gave Promise of his Being a Globe-trotter when he was Old enough to Know how to dodge Brakemen. While other children Were playing Games in Kindergarten, Chester was playing Hookie in the Great open spaces. He liked confinement as Well as a Mailman likes a Hike on the day of Rest, and found More ways of Escaping work than a Tourist finds detours.

This failing of Chester's has much to do with the Fable for it Proved to be his Undoing. To resume: when the Dapple fox-trotter started to Collect pay here, he Found it irksome to resist his Wanderlust. His counter was Handy to the door and our Hero just couldn't keep his Lingering gaze from turning to the Crowds outside.

So he Contented himself by Satisfying his Natural desire to Travel in roaming about the store. Every day, when he figured the Eagle eye of his department Chief was not on Him, Chester would Toddle away For a little indoor Hike. He poked his Nose in places where Noses should be Heard and not Seen, he knew more Ways to get from one Floor to another than the Architects of the building and his Wandering footsteps never got Him in the Trouble he momentarily expected Them to.

One fine day, (it was Fine to everyone but Chester), the reincarnated Marco Polo noticed that the Boss was off location and Chuckling to himself, set out For his little Tramp. He walked so far he broke the Arches of his Feet and, Spying a cozy little office that was Empty strolled in. He tilted the Swivel chair to a Comfortable angle, put his Brogans on the handy Mahogany desk top, and rocked away to Sleep.

It happened that his Boss had a hearing so Sharp he could distinguish the Whisper of a breeze and, as he was on the Same floor as the slumbering Chester, he had no trouble locating the Snores—for Chester snored like a Bum radio set with a good Amplifier. The boss fixed up the Pink slip, pinned it on the Sleeping Beauty and tiptoed away from Chester's boudoir.

When the night-watchman Awakened him Chester realized the worst. He took it like a Man though, and Brushing his clothes like an Arab, silently Stole away.

MORAL: The Sardine that goes A'roaming is the Sardine that gets the Can.

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"If this is an all-wool rug, why is it labeled 'cotton'?"

Salesman (confidentially): "That madame, is to deceive the moths!"—London Mail.

WITH APOLOGIES TO K. C. B.

ONE DAY last month.
* * *
I WAS touring the store.
* * *
AND LOST myself.
* * *
ON VARIED occasions.
* * *
BECAUSE I was strange.
* * *
TO THE new arrangements.
* * *
AND I asked a man.
* * *
WHO WAS an employee.
* * *
WHERE I could find.
* * *
THE CREDIT Department.
* * *
AND I nearly collapsed.
* * *
WHEN HE grinned and said.
* * *
"I'M LOOKING for it myself."
* * *
SO WE scouted together.
* * *
AND FINALLY found it.
* * *
THEN WE talked it over.
* * *
AND CAME to the conc'usion.
* * *
AFTER "GASSING' a little while.
* * *
THAT IF this moving business.
* * *
KEPT UP much longer.
* * *
IT WOULD be difficult.
* * *
TO FIND our desks.
* * *
IF WE left them unguarded.
* * *
WHILE WE went to lunch.
* * *
SO I would suggest.
* * *
THAT WE keep abreast.
* * *
OF THE latest changes.
* * *
BY HAVING each employee.
* * *
CARRY A recent blueprint.
* * *
OF THE entire store.
* * *
AND WHEN we come in.
* * *
EVERY MORNING to work.
* * *
WE WILL find our way.
* * *
BY READING the blueprints.
* * *
THAT HAVE been corrected.
* * *
ON THE previous night.
* * *
AND WE can all go.
* * *
OUT FOR our lunches.
* * *
WITHOUT WORRYING a bit.
* * *
WHERE OUR desks will be.
* * *
WHEN WE get back.
* * *

I THANK YOU.

—W. J. D.

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That English Countryside

Cockney Visitor—"What's that awful noise outside?"

Country Host—"Why, that's an owl."

Cockney Visitor—"I know it's an 'owl. But oo's 'owling?

DR. PETTY ADDRESSES EXECUTIVES

On Friday evening, April 4th, the Buyers' Meeting reached an unusual attendance mark that was subjected to considerable comment. Some attributed the capacity turnout to the fact that the usual cover fee was not charged but others more generously opined that Dr. Petty's known reputation as a speaker was the most compelling factor.

Of course, we're editorially neutral but we certainly felt that the meeting merited every kind word said about it. To begin with, the food was excellent the service above reproach and the setting almost perfect. We might also have had an enjoyable concert as an additional feature had not so many radio fans experimented their meager knowledge on the super-heterodyne set. They tinkered with it until we could hear K-D-K-A so faintly that it might as well have been China. It did not have a fraction of the volume that station M-U-S-H boasts.

Coffee and smokes for the men, coffee and gossip for the ladies were the last of the menu and the meeting opened. Mr. Heyman, president of the Buyers' Association made a brief introductory speech lauding Dr. Petty's ability as a speaker. At the conclusion of Mr. Heyman's talk, Dr. Petty, rector of the First Baptist Church, was presented to his audience and greeted with brisk applause.

The speaker of the evening acknowledged the introduction with a few humorous tales that were pertinent to the points he wished to put across, then lapsed into the meaty matter of his speech. It really is deserving of reproduction here but we regret that it is impossible to do so. However, all who heard Dr. Petty's address will not forget it for some time and those who were not so fortunate will accept our warranty that it is well worth hearing this man speak on any subject.

"Courtesy and Interest", "Sense of Humor", "Loyalty", "Personality" and "Pep" were the stressed topics of the address and the frequent humorous comparisons made by the speaker were hugely entertaining as well as effective in reaching their points. Dr. Petty chose his words with precise care and his resonant voice reached every corner of the dining room. His humor was fresh and the adroitness of his phrasing turned many an ordinary thought into a clever quip.

The speech was relished by all present and, in testimony to their appreciation, the entire audience gave Dr. Petty a rising vote of thanks upon the timely motion of Mr. Heyman. After the applause had subsided, Mr. E. J. Kaufmann arose to personally thank the speaker as well as add a few of his own remarks upon the topics of Dr. Petty's speech.

Our President's address while very brief, was lengthy enough to express his gratefulness to Dr. Petty and to assure him that the ideals mentioned in his address were those of "The Big Store". Mr. Kaufmann explained how the executive force of the store constantly preached the self-same sermon of right principles that the doctor did, and that business, especially the business of "The Big Store", could hardly hope for success unless it built its progress along righteous lines.

He further complimented the doctor upon his excellent talk and, at the close of Mr. Kaufmann's speech, the motion for adjournment was carried.

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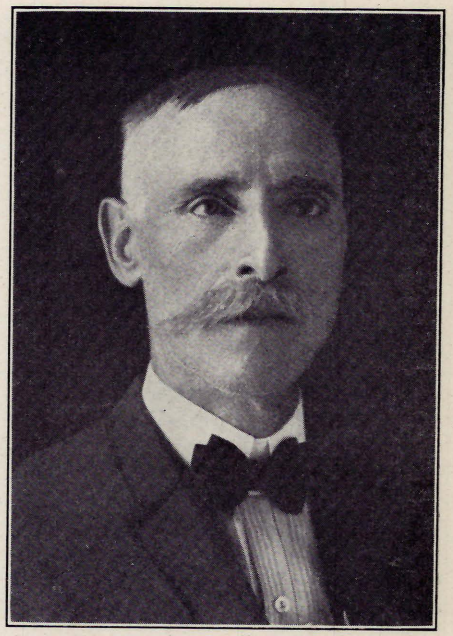

HENRY LEVY

Mr. Levy is a package collector in the Basement and is very popular because of his efficient work and genial nature.

Henry, in spite of his modest appearance, is noted for his singing. He gained several prizes here and in Europe in various "Saengerfests". He is connected with a choir on the North Side and is one of their most valuable members.

He is well known and liked in "The Big Store" because he is a real man. He uses his head. He devised a bag for conveying packages from the first floor to the central wrapping room and gained a neat check for the idea.

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A TIMELY PRIZE AWARD

A senior in a local college who, for obvious reasons wishes his name to remain unknown, told the following story on himself.

It seems that he had entered a poster in our recent Poster Contest with an aim of securing one of the cash prizes offered. He was in financial straits at school and was beginning to fear he would have to give up thought of completing his last semester.

So when he received word from "The Big Store" advising him that he had been awarded one of the cash prizes, his money worries were ended. The amount was sufficient to settle his tuition debts and now he is preparing for graduation. Is it any wonder then, that he blesses "The Big Store" Poster Contest?

OUR OWN RADIO SECTION---Station M-U-S-H

Since KDKA, RSVP, QED and other broadcasting stations seem to be crowding the atmosphere with their daily programs, it is but fitting that THE STORAGRAM should find some means of competition, other than an ordinary one. With this end in view we have established a station, henceforth to be known as MUSH, with a wave length of 999 meters and an atmosphere all of its own creation.

The medium of transmitting will be this rickety old Underwood we recently borrowed, the sound waves will be 8-point lower case and caps you see here and broadcasting will take place when your imagination feels the urge. So cast away all worries of super-heterodynes, rheostats, couplers, condensers, static, etc., you radio fans, while your eyes feast on the following sample program. Tune in at will.

Station MUSH (999) Tenth Floor

6:00 A. M.—Organ recital, "Somebody Stole My Gal", with accompaniment of chimes. By soloist, (incognito), of Mattewan Asylum Symphony Orchestra.

6:59 A. M.—Live stock market reports by Mr. Philip Paley. Solo, "That Old Irish Mother Of Mine" by Harry Broida, mezzo soprano.

7:11 A. M.—Tea Concert by Kaufmann's stringed ensemble—Mr. Sol Abbott harping and a few buyers stringing along in perfect rhythm.

9:15 A. M.—"How The Big Store Looks When Viewed From The Outside"—speech by Signor R. Post of our Window Cleaning Staff. Also a fantasia on the mouth organ, "The Kitten In The Catnip", soloist, John Macks.

11:07 A. M.—Weather forecast and setting-up exercises by Mr. O. C. Lawler. "What Makes The Wildcat Wild?" a monologue by Mr. James R. Hooper. Time Signals by Mrs. Snyder—also soprano solo, "The Song Of The Clock".

12:00 Noon—"Relative Dietetic Values of the Turnip and the Bean", a calory lecture by Mr. Menningke of the Eleventh Floor Dining Room. "Echoes From Executive Dugouts", duet by Messrs. E. J. and O. M. Kaufmann.

2:00 P. M.—"Housekeepers Half Hour" a kitchen efficiency talk by Mr. Schwartz. "Financial Outlook" by Mr. Fred Weiland. "Message To Campfire Girls" by Mr. Keller, with whistling accompaniment by Harry Mates.

4:44 P. M.—Songs by Joe Meyers, basso. "Vladivostok Blues", "Fido Is A Hot Dog Now", "Red Hot Mama" and "You're A Lemon If You Sing Bananas Any More."

Aria by Mr. Bert Traub, "Napoleon May Be Dead, But I'm Here To Take His Place", with soft accompaniment by Mr. Kuehn.

5:02 P. M.—'Parisian Anecdotes And Other Happy Reminiscences of My Recent European Trip", a travelogue by Mr. Eddie Meyers. "Many An Honest Heart Beats 'Neath A Kuppenheimer Vest", lyric by Barney Blum of Men's Clothing. Exhaust Fumes From The Garage" by Jack Hanlon and choristers from Forbes St.

6:00 P. M.—Chess Tournament bulletins with cheering sections furnishing razzberries. Tract on "The Capabilities Of The Esquimo As A Chauffeur" by Mr. James H. Greene. "Painless Extraction Echoes" a symphony from Dr. Norris' office.

7:50 P. M.—"Clam Warbling" and "The Oyster's Lament"—imitative selections by Messrs. Drake and Moffatt of the First Floor. Sandman Tales by Mr. Wolfe.

"M-U-S-H signing off—Good Night".

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To Rev. Barker of the Point Breeze Presbyterian Church

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sir:

Last night while making port off the Montaulk Point Light, I was listening in on my radio which I installed on the last trip to the States, and the first thing which came in was the music and then the rest of the service at your church. I write this to you for the purpose of calling your attention to what I call a study of mixed mentality. When I got the music the deck hands as well as the dog watch was in the cabin all hoping that the "Darnation thing would work" and when I said I had a church service on the air they all gave a great guffaw and laughed heartily. After a time the grins, and horse jokes laid off, and the faces of the swabs all took on a serious look, and after a time I said well I guess that's enough of that stuff, and much to my surprise, every damn one of them roared out, "No leave it alone and let's hear what that stuff is all about." I held the service all the way to the finish and the truth is that they all was pleased when they had the whole of it as they said it was the first time they ever had anything of that kind served to them, except when I read the service for the dead at sea, and they all admit I aint shakes at that. Had two to slide over the side on the last trip. The mast hands told me to get in on it next Sunday, but since we clear for South Africa Friday, I am afraid we will be out of range, but at that we will be listening in and if you are on the air we will get it from Hell to breakfast. The funny thing and the thing that struck me so queer is that most of the square heads that I have aboard hasn't been inside a church since they were born, and

now damned if they aint talking about the church they heard on the raido while they are unloading cargo, and I can hear 'em through the port. Next Sunday talk strong, and slip over something about sailors, and I believe you will be making church goers of a lot of swabs that aint much good and never will be. Much obliged for your music and preachin' Sunday, and say I want to tell you you have some singers and especially the first soprano who was nearest the speaking machine her voice come over like a bell. Here's hoping we can get you all the way across, and more power to you for your favor. Excuse me taking the liberty of shooting all this off to you but I thought as how you might like to know what kind of a lot of know nothings at least some of them you have for your services.

Yours truly,
(Signed) JOHN CLAPMAN.
Master Barkentine "Plymouth"
Registered Lloyds, London.

P. S.—Your preaching is good. It's the first I heard in eighteen years, and I enjoyed it.

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SINCE DADDY BOUGHT A RADIO

Since Daddy bought a radio
I don't know where to play or go,
For if I make the slightest noise,
He scolds and says: "be quiet, boys".

He'll say: "don't talk or bother me,
I think I've got Schenectady—
Don't make a sound, and stop your play",
But Daddy had K-D-K-A.

He never goes to bed 'till three,
"I'll get the coast", he says to me,
"Los Angeles, I'll raise today",
But Daddy got K-D-K-A.

Now I know just how orphans feel,
That have no homes or daddies real:
And I am sure mine does not know
How tired I am of radio.

—GLEN R. McCLINTOCK.

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MR. EDGAR J. KAUFMANN, President,
Kaufmann's Department Store, Inc.,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.
Dear Mr. Kaufmann:

I have recently noticed a picture in the Pittsburgh paper and an announcement of your election as President of that great department store, and it recalls some mighty pleasant days in Washington during one of which I had the pleasure of meeting you and learning a new type of loyalty which we didn't often see in those days in Washington. It was that spirit, however, which helped win the war and which in my opinion has now placed you under very great responsibilities in that wonderful business in which you are engaged.

So I am just offering a word of congratulation based upon the notice in the paper and with it a good wish for increased and continued prosperity.

Yours very truly,
WINSLOW RUSSELL.
Vice President and Agency Manager,
Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.

MISS GRACE PATTON MILLIKEN
820 SHERIDAN AVENUE
PITTSBURGH PA

March 10, 1924

Mr Edgar J Kaufmann, Pres
Kaufmann's
Dear Sir

Owing to a delay at school I did not receive the prize which I was so fortunate as to win in your poster contest until Friday of last week although my thanks are belated, I hope they are still acceptable.

This prize - the eighth in the high school group - is the first I have ever won in a large contest. I appreciate the opportunity you gave all of us to demonstrate our ability and also your generous awards to the winners. I had never competed before.

The Kaufmann contest is the great event of the year in the poster classes here at Peabody. Every one looks forward to it, and prepares to make this poster his "masterpiece." I know that our class worked very hard, and we were very fortunate in the awards.

If there is another contest I hope I shall be able to compete again - perhaps as an entry from Carnegie Tech.

I wish you continued success, and thank you again.

Sincerely,
Grace Milliken

Peabody High School

DAME RUMOR TELLS US

—that Mr. Phillip Paley is hopelessly muddled on the Religion vs. Nationality question. In evidence whereof, we submit the following tale that found its way to editorial ears, a few weeks ago.

It seems that Mr. Paley was the most attentive of Dr. Petty's audience when the doctor spoke at the Buyers' Meeting some time ago, and our drug buyer was most enthusiastic in his praise of the speaker. After the meeting, Mr. Boston, our linen buyer, approached Mr. Paley and the following conversation ensued.

Mr. Boston—"Well Paley, what did you think of the speech last night?"

Mr. Paley—"Great! The finest I've ever heard! Why it actually gave me a new lease on life, I never before was so thrilled by a speech in my memory."

Mr. Boston—"What is the minister's name?"

Mr. Paley—"Doctor Petty."

Mr. Boston—"What is his denomination?"

Mr. Paley—"I think he's Irish."

Mr. Boston—"I mean, what church does he belong to?"

Mr. Paley—"He's either a Protestant or a Presbyterian. I'm not sure which."

Address of Mr. Harrison Neshit

It is a real privilege to be with you this morning and talk to you concerning "The Value of Courtesy and Cooperation Among Employees."

As I gaze into your faces and see the light of enthusiasm in your eyes, which comes only when the heart is kindled with earnest work and good fellowship, I tell you it is a real inspiration.

No need to ask "How goes the work" in the Kaufmann Department Store with such manifest evidence of achievement as is shown in this meeting today.

Friends—In checking off the items on life's balance sheet, we are more and more impressed with the fact that the most valuable assets in life are friendships and the satisfaction which comes from work well done. As you are all aware, all merchants take inventory at least once each year of their merchandise on hand to see whether the year's business has resulted in profit or loss. I have always contended in business organizations such as yours that every **individual** should stop and ponder at least twice a year, say January and July, to make a personal appraisement of herself or himself—in other words, an inventory of our efficiency and standing. We should ask ourselves, "Have I overlooked any way by which I might make myself more valuable and more efficient to my employer?" "Am I measuring up to the aspirations and ideals I hold in life—am I in a rut—am I skidding—or am I going ahead on the highway of life with efficiency, pep and enthusiasm?" We have all seen employees go through life day by day perfectly satisfied to let things come and go as they may—perfectly satisfied with their work and with everything generally and never inquiring of employers or department heads as to how they may more efficiently serve their company and its dealings with the public.

And now, let us pull back the curtain and examine why some men seem to be **on fire** with Personality—eager to cooperate—are positive and constructive forces on the firing line of life—advancing themselves and their ideals—not over the dead bodies of crushed foes—but through the loving acclaim and hearty support of others. I mean the ones who recognize the power of the "pat on the back" over the sullen command of authority, the one who sees the tremendous power of the thought that "nobody knows as much as everybody" and who accordingly seeks to inspire the best in all and thereby secure combined wisdom—the man whose soul is tempered in the milk of human kindness, with the ability to differentiate between mistakes of the head and the mistakes of the heart—the man who refuses to sit in judgment without knowing **all** circumstances—the man who accepts the frailty of human clay and remembers that the "greatest of these is Charity". Such men, ladies and gentlemen, are coming to sit in the high places of this world, because beneath tumult, the chaos, the doubts, the fears, the uncertainties, which haunt humanity, is the sublime belief of the individual **heart** in itself.

Personality is as inherent in all of us as the desire to love and be loved. It is **not** a special gift to a few. We all possess it and the **kind** of structure we erect upon it is our own personal job.

* * * * * * * *

As an illustration may I read a human interest business jingle which I came across the other day? It relates to Courtesy and Service.

"Ten thousand firms or thereabouts use advertising space, and nearly all the copy shouts the same thing in your face. Cries one, 'We give you service here'; another 'Serves you best'; and this one serves 'with helpful cheer' and so do all the rest."

Ten thousand stores, with but one thought, have hit upon one fad, to render service as they ought—in every bloomin' ad. But here's a hint that all should heed—a boast will soon react, and service must be shown in **deed** before it is a fact.

I know a store that likes to tell about its service rare. Unless you know the salesmen well, they greet you with a stare, and roughly snatch your money in and shove your package out, and if you try a friendly grin, they answer with a pout.

And so I tried a plan one day when greeted with a whine; I showed the clerk the store's display proclaiming "Service" fine. He gave a glance and pushed it back and balanced up his pads; then let his voice in answer crack, "I never read our ads".

So now I deal with other stores where service is a fact; where salesmen smile and murmur, "Thanks", where everyone has tact; where sales are always made with pep; where there is time to smile; where courtesy marks ev'ry step; where buying is worth while.

Now here's the moral of this verse, and you will find it wise; make all your workers oft rehearse the claims you advertise. You'll find that they'll observe with pride the service rules you teach. So preach your service far and wide; then practice what you preach."

* * * * * * * *

Now I promised you a very short talk this morning and I always try to make my promises good. I am, therefore going to close with just one **special thought** which I hope you will remember all your lives—it concerns **Service. Service** is the rent we pay for the space we occupy on this earth, let me repeat, **Service** is the rent we pay for the space we occupy on this earth.

Good morning and thank you all.

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Getting Acquainted

Teacher—"Jimmie, do you know the population of Baltimore?"

Jimmie—"I don't know all of 'em, ma'am, 'cause I only been living here two years."—

An Incredulous Policeman

Magistrate: "Last time you were here I told you I hoped never to see you again."

Delinquent: "Yes, sir, I know, sir—but I couldn't get the officer to believe me."—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

NORTH SIDE NOTCHES

Somebody remarks that John Lackemly, the royal keeper of the pads has been using a broom lately. Was he sweeping it or swiping it?

White, the packer wants to become a policeman. To prove it, he's been practicing with a whistle on the elevators.

Eddit from Victrolas was invited by WCAE to play on his banjo ukelele. After hearing him practice, they asked him to sing.

Doerfler is so busy that he talks to one person thinks about someone else and blames it on a third.

Charlie Fastain seems to be making up with Dorothy Easton. They are always chinning, but watch out for Ed Schroeder, Chuck.

We would like to know why Anna Kearns always runs down stairs with a bad address slip when Geo. Balker comes in. We have seen a wrist watch but no ring.

Jimmy Bean got a suit that is too big for him but he has an alibi. He says he is losing weight.

Let this be a warning, Mary Cook, if you want to keep James Tierney, you had better keep away from Chas. Fastain.

Mildred Smith visits the Natatorium steady now, dances and goes through other exercises in the hope of reducing but they must be acting the other way.

Sarah Siefus was boosting the Irish. Some person told her if they had Irish blood in them, they would cut their veins and let it run out.

Who in the Drapery Department is getting candy from a certain elevator man?

Ross, the sewing machine man, goes around with a chew in his jaw and every person thinks he has the tooth ache. If any person knows of a laundry that does up overalls send its address to him. Maybe he only has one pair.

Has any other person noticed the girl, Zellman the Victrola driver, follows around like a little dog? Are you afraid you will lose her Zellman?

It is getting pretty bad with Ross when he brings the girl in the office a lot of candy. Is it serious, Ross?

It is getting so that when you go in the Victrola Shop on the seventh floor, the first thing you will hear is about Smithline's wireless set.

Krouse, the stove man still goes around with a bean full of snuff; he says he cannot hear good. You don't hear through your nose, Krouse.

John Lackenbee, the pad man better lock up his coop when he takes a walk through the building or he will be missing a lot of pads. Then he will swear some other person has a key.

I have heard it said a person could build a house with what it cost Munday, from the Carpet Department, to color his nose.

Red Connors called up the casket works on April 1st and asked for Miss Stiff. There is one born every minute, Red.

Weber, the packer on the seventh floor said that it was a mistake about him needing a hair cut. He says his neck was only dirty.

The children were playing puss in the corner, on the roof during lunch hour, Miss Craig, Miss Pascoe, Miss Newmeyer, Smithline, and Ross from the seventh floor.

The North Side Wrecking Crew

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ALL WHO HAVE MISSED "BABETTE" RISE AND SAY "AYE"

Now sit down while we tell you why Miss Helen Connors (our own "Babette") has not been recently seen treading her dainty way throughout the store gathering data for her much-to-be-commended morning column.

The week of February 18, Miss Connors was stricken with pneumonia and became seriously ill. She rallied and convalesced sufficiently five weeks later to appear at her desk in the Advertising Department, much to the joy of her contemporaries and her wide-spread acquaintance throughout the store. But the congratulations on her recovery were anticipatory, for just two days later "Babette" had a relapse and is, at the present writing, not progressing towards good health as rapidly as we would like to hear.

We sincerely hope that she will be back at her desk very soon. We all would like to read her peppy column and know that Babette is finally her old self again.

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Umbrella Department

Has notice been taken of the new flapper in the Umbrella Department? Miss Glass now has her hair bobbed.

A good one on Mrs. Schimp. Fell asleep in the Recreation Room. Annoyed the other girls by falling off the chair and then claimed she had a dizzy spell.

Just like keeping up with the Jones'. Mrs. Price is trying to keep up with the girls in the Leather Goods Department by having her hair marcelled every week.

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In Doubt

The orderly office was inspecting rations. "Any complaints?" said a Tommy, presenting a cup of liquid.

"It's very good soup," said the officer.

"Yes, sir, but the corporal says it's tea, and the cook says it's coffee, and I found a scrub brush at the bottom of the kettle."—Pathfinder.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR MERCHANDISE?

Have you ever felt handicapped by a lack of definite information about your merchandise? Unless you have been constantly increasing your knowledge, or are not a real salesman, we are sure that there have been times when you have wished for more selling talk. Salesmanship is not the ability to sell goods desired, but to create a desire for goods and bring about a sale. To do this we must be able to present in a convincing way, definite facts about our merchandise, which prove to the customer that it represents the value she seeks.

How, you will ask, may we acquire increased merchandise knowledge?

1. From the goods themselves. Look over your wares much as a customer might, imagine yourself buying the goods and consider them from this standpoint.
2. Ask your fellow salesman. Listen to their sales, and to customer's remarks.
3. Consult your buyer. He is a specialist and can give you much valuable information.
4. Read the advertisements in current magazines and newspaper. This space is expensive, and so usually contains the important essential regarding the goods.
5 Write to manufacturers for pamphlets.
6. Get the habit of asking questions. Take advantage of the experience and research of others.

"The fool never learns.
The average man learns from experience.
The wise man learns from the experience of others."

Material collected in answer to questions sent out to highly successful salespeople in Pittsburgh stores has been compiled in booklet form for a number of departments. These may be obtained in the Training Department. Get yours.

"Misses' and Girls' Wearing Apparel"
"China"
"Millinery"
"Yard Goods"
"Infants' Wear"
"Ladies' Underwear"
"Petticoats"
"Jewelry".

On the thirteenth floor is a branch of Carnegie Library. Here we have many excellent books on Merchandise and Salesmanship. If we do not have just what you desire, we will send to Carnegie. Thus saving you the trip. The following is a sample of the selection we have. Come up and look them over.

"Cotton and Linens." Thompson.
"Exceptional Employee." Marden.
"Footwear Merchandising."
"Glassware." Lehmann.
"Housefurnishing." Hutchinson.
"The House in Good Taste." DeWolfe.
"Human Side of Retail Selling." Leigh.
"Materials of Shoes."
"Millinery." Aiken.
"Notions." Sander.
"Planning and Furnishing the Home." Quinn.
"Practical Salesmanship." Fowler.
"Principals of Salesmanship." Whitehead.
"Retail Selling." Norton.
"Retail Selling and Store Management."
"Retail Shoe Salesmanship." Hamilton.
"Stationery." Lehmann.
"Stockkeeping."
"Textiles." Gibbs.
"Textile and Clothing." McGowan.
"How to Sell and Retail." Charters.

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GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR STORE

One of the most important requirements for a successful salesman is a knowledge of the Store Directory. Every day there are large, expensive advertisements in the newspapers to attract people into the store. Isn't it our duty to properly direct them to the department where the special sale is in progress? Through misdirection we are tearing down "The Big Store's" business ideals. We should consider how much money our advertisements cost each day: we should bear in mind former service to the customers of the store. As a public service corporation, we must guard against injuring the store's guests in any way.

If you don't know where all the departments of "The Big Store" are located, make it a point to get acquainted today. The Educational Department will be glad to furnish copies of the Store Directory to any Fellow-worker who desires one. Learn where all the merchandise is located and be able to direct your customer to the right department. It will pay for you as well as the store.

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True Salesmanship

"When I stopped to examine a Hartman trunk, a saleswoman came smilingly toward me, saying, "Are you interested in trunks?"

"I guess this is just about what I'm looking for—a wardrobe trunk. This one seems to have all the features I'm looking for as well as some I never noticed before."

She then made me acquainted with that trunk in such a way that I could follow its development from the first period of its construction up to the present time. She called my attention to any unusual feature such as, washable linings, two drawers which could be combined into one deep drawer, etc. I asked whether any wardrobe trunks were made in such a way as to prevent scratching the floor when they are opened. She told me some had castors on but they are not practical if the trunk is to be used for traveling. So thoroughly did she explain the uses and advantages of its equipment that I could easily visualize that trunk as already belonging to me and housing my wardrobe.

This saleswoman did not impress me as a person trying to make a sale, but as an interested friend, who, knowing of something good, wanted to pass it on. She made me want to own that trunk.

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"Paralyzed" Milk

It was not the first time that the lady of the house had been suspicious of the quality and freshness of the milk.

She had an idea that because she had been a regular customer for so long the milkman was trying to palm off the stale milk on her.

"Milkman," she said, "are you sure the milk is perfectly fresh?"

"Fresh? 'Corse it is, mum. There ain't nuffink wrong wiv our milk. It's paralyzed by a Gov'-mint anarchist, regular, mum."

The Beach—Brewbaker Nuptials

On Wednesday evening, April 9th, the Knoxville Presbyterian Church was the scene of a little act that struck another mighty blow at the high cost of existence. At the eerie hour of nine, the two main conspirators, with Rev. McDivitt officiating, assumed the yoke of marriage while sundry friends, bridesmaids, fond relatives and weeping females looked on.

Miss Grace Brewbaker, whose mightiest claim for Fame is her relationship to "Unk" L. G. Spencer, took the last part of David F. Beach's name as her own. (We were tempted to make a crack about Brewbaker-Beach sounding like a summer resort, but prudence forbade it.)

The bridal pair flew to Washington for their honeymoon jaunt, presumably to see how the U. S. managed itself, with the view of adapting its system to their own personal domestic squabbles. (They'll probably have a little Teapot Dome Scandal of their own, too.)

We don't know how Dave looks, but Grace on her return to the proof-reading desk in the Advertising Department, looked like the first rose of summer. Of course, we all tried to kiss her by way of welcome, but she's sort of used to someone else's and laughingly repulsed us. We haven't caught her passing any typographical errors, as yet, but as soon as she starts to daydream (as all brides do) we're going to take her off proof-reading and put her to writing copy (it doesn't take much brains for that).

We wish the couple all the luck in the world and hope:

—that her first biscuits aren't brick-heavy.
—that she won't use salt instead of sugar for flavoring.
—that neither of them snore.
—that Dave never forgets to kiss her goodbye at least ten times each morning.
—that Grace won't forget and bring her worser half into the office here someday so that we can get a peep at him.

—GOD BLESS 'EM—

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Third Floor Notes

We extend our deepest sympathy to Miss Henkle in the death of her father.

Mrs. Finnerman hasn't been talking much lately. We miss her cheery repartee.

We are glad to hear that Miss Jennie Murphy is convalescing from her severe illness.

A customer asked one of the girls, "Where is the man where I can register a kick?" Mr. Matz was called, but we don't know if he's wearing pillows or not.

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ANOTHER TIMELY CLUB MEMBER

Mrs. Elsie Evans of the Alteration Room has been a Fellow-worker for over three years. In all that time she has had a perfect time card, no O. K. of any kind being required. She comes in by train from East Liberty.

At the time of the famous Boulevard slide some time ago, Mrs. Evans took an earlier train in order to get here on time.

Mrs. Evans is good in her work, and believes that punctuality helps one to get along.

RULE BRITTANIA!

When Mr. Boston, Mr. Tongue and Mr. Davies of the Linens, Wash Goods and Silks Departments respectively, get together for a talk, they represent every one of the British Isles except Scotland. Mr. Boston is from the land of the Shamrock, Mr. Tongue a home-bred product of merrie England and Mr. Davies comes from Wales, famous as well as the birth-place of Lloyd George.

But we imagine the meetings of these three buyers are much less turbulent than the ones of their countrymen across the pond. And we believe that the reason of the amity is that Mr. Boston isn't that kind of an Irishman.

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YOUR WORK

Whatever you may have to do,
Do it boys, with all your might,
Let your prayers be strong and true,
Prayer boys, will keep you right.
Pray in all things, great and small things,
Like an honest Christian man,
And forever, now, or never,
Do your work as best you can.

—ANTOINETTE KOSSLER.

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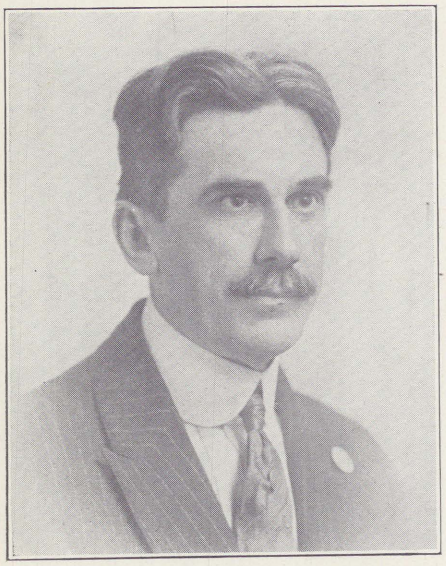
Didn't Go Far

There's lots of fun to be had at a county fair, but it is doubtful that any ever contributed a better laugh to suffering humanity than at Pomona recently.

A colored man had spent all his money on the merry-go-round. When he alighted from his last ride his thrifty wife confronted him with: "Now yoh spent all yur money, wha's yoh bin?"



THE PASSING OF DICK

At 11:55 o'clock Thursday morning, March 27th last, the zero hour came for the soul of Richard Treganown, affectionately known as "Dick" to almost every person in the store. To the many who knew him, the news of his death came as a distinct shock as he had only been ill for a week and all were taken aback at the suddenness of the sad announcement.

To eulogize Dick and to comment upon his admirable character is a task that is really too big for us, because this familiar, lovable fellow had traits of goodness far above the ordinary. His career here was one without blemish and the record of his long sarvice is a tale of whole-hearted endeavor to give the best in him at all times.

Just recently Dick was honored with the service button of the newly established Stand-By Club and few of us thought that this would be the last honor conferred upon him. We feel his parting with heartfelt sorrow but see solace in the realization that God's noblemen all find their way along the same path and Dick surely deserved a peerage in a better world than this.

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AN EXCELLENT CREED

Mr. Wagner, Floorman on the Fourth Floor says:—

"True courtesy and interest spring from the heart."

"Courtesy pays, but not if your are courteous only because it pays."

"By avoiding wear and tear on your disposition you will be a courteous salesman."

"Self-interest is an asset, but selfishness is not self-interest."

Not bad philosophy at all! The Courtesy and Interest Campaign is in full swing. Get yourself a creed similar to Mr. Wagner's and see how it will help you!

THE EDITOR'S LAMENT

Every time we hear that song, "A Smile Will Go A Long, Long Way", we are tempted to wonder what the song writer would do if he were forced to wear his smile as long as we do. Smiles usually require little facial effort to bring them to the surface, but when they become part of your jub, it's a real job to have them ready at the right time.

The least interesting part of editing a house magazine is that of acting the Sponge. By this we mean, acting as an absorbent for every joke, stale, fresh and odorless, that was ever put on the market or in the mind of a contributor. We have been forced to adopt a standard smile that is purely mechanical and quite frequently fails to appear at the right time in the story.

If it does happen to flit over our face at the proper time, it doesn't stay long enough to be convincing and we are condemned for lacking a sense of humor. If it fails to appear at all, the story is repeated until we manage to make some sort of a grimace.

So we would like to announce an open challenge to any reader—to spring something so original, so fresh and so healthily laughable, that it will make us wish our ribs were stronger. We would like to surprise a hearty laugh from our system, it's futile to coax one out.

P.S.—Jce Myers is barred from this contest!

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Miss Landers Returns

Miss Gertrude R. Landers, of the Credit Adjusting Department, returned Monday, April 7th, from a trip, supposedly taken for her health. (You never can tell though). She came back, plus her good health, and a few freckles, which is much more than she left with, although she seems to think that the freckles mar her beauty. She spent the greatest part of the six weeks she has been away in Atlantic City. However, she found time for a week in New York, and also several days in Philadelphia. She doesn't seem to have missed seeing anything from musical comedies to churches. She visited several large department stores in New York and Philadelphia, and, after being taken through their different offices and departments decided that Kaufmann's was the best after all. (At least that's what she tells us). We began to think about the sixth week that there must be some kind of a magnet in Atlantic City, which was holding her there as she didn't give us any information as to the date of her return. However, we haven't heard anything about him so far, so she must have found that her idol had feet of clay. Upon her return Monday morning, she was presented with a beautiful boquet by her girls, as a token of their welcome. We are glad to welcome her back to "The Big Store", and trust that her good health will continue..

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WE CANNOT FAIL

Faith and hope and courage are great producers.

We cannot fail if we live always in a brave and cheerful attitude of mind and heart—he alone fails who gives up and lies down.

THE NEW REPORTER SAYS:—

The Editor told me to look the Tenth Floor over for this issue, and to be sure that my English was more correct. That remark started a noble argument, but I didn't get anywhere with him, because he quoted the following story:

An Englishman was bewailing the present degenerate state of the English as spoken by Americans. "Why," said he, "you positively can't understand these blooming Americans at all! Just the other day I asked a native if he thought it would rain, and he replied, "Little dogs it might, little dogs it mightn't". "What kind of English do you call that?"

The listener didn't understand either, so he hunted up the native and asked him what he said.

"The Englishman come to me," said the native and says:

"Do you think it will rain?"

I says, "Pups it might, pups it might not!" All I can say to that story is, "Hot dawg!" Strictly speaking, the Tenth Floor is not exactly ready for a write-up, but orders are orders. You could write a book about what's been happening here, so I suppose there's something to be said about the people.

First of all, let me pay a tribute to the way the floor covering was washed. They used alcohol, plenty of it, and alcohol perfume is like wisdom in the poem, "it lingers."

There's John Eberle wrestling with a ton or two of supplies. John has a habit of going on high all day, and it's no fun to try to get hold of him for a few minutes, unless you can follow him around like a collector. At that, you can't feel irritated, his voice keeps pretty cheerful.

I don't know just what to say about Mr. Hauser. You know that he's a good scout all over, but just ask him about his job and he hauls out charts, graphs and other brain teasers. The worst of it is that he knows just what they are good for, and a roughneck like myself doesn't. Every time he looks me over, I feel as if he were sketching me in a graph chart, and I don't care to be dissected so rudely. Of late, he's been in the same office as Mr. Lyons, so he can talk his favorite job all he wants to.

Speaking about charts, I'd like to see one invented that would explain just why a youngster says certain things. My own boy has a fancy for long words, but seldom repeats them correctly. One day he asked me the name of St. Peter's Episcopal Church. I told him. Some time afterwards, as we were passing the building he informed me that the name was St. Peter's Christmas Tree Church. Now, just how did he figure out that combination? Page Mr. Hauser!

Ever watch the All Steel Co. people set up the files and cupboards? You learn a lot! The firm has discarded all wooden filing equipment and has adopted this modern steel article. One day, I knew of 26 tons of files, etc. that had come in; at another time there was some 300 tons of it in the stock rooms waiting to be uncrated and assembled. Did you notice the steel desks and tables? They're the finest bits of office equipment ever seen in Pittsburgh! Believe me, we are getting an office equipment that can't be equalled elsewhere.

Here comes Jake Miller from the Advertising Office, and I'm keeping out of his way. He pulled a few over on the Editor, and I don't propose to be taken in as easily as he was. Jake told the Editor about a fight on the second floor and when pressed for details, said that a clerk had punched a time card real hard. He then threw in a few other relics of the Old Stone Age; maybe he can "get" the Editor, but he can't fool me. Jake has lost some of that exuberant rust of youth, since Mr. Adams made him clean out his cuts and sketches. No more can you see him digging out what he wants, he has to be scientific now.

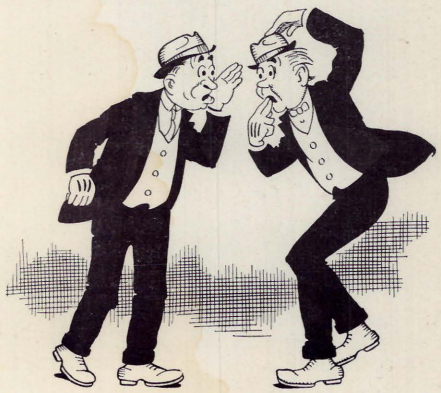
There comes Mr. Thieret from the Supply Office. He has a mighty friendly smile and manner and is really a good scout socially. He's hard boiled as far as business is concerned, however! Try to get a confirming order from him. Oh yes, try and get it!

Now take a look at the Editor's double, Mr. Paul from the Bookkeepers. He really doesn't resemble the Editor at all, and I'll give you three reasons why not:—

1. Mr. Paul can sing very well.
2. Mr. Paul doesn't smoke, consequently doesn't bum cigarettes.
3. Mr. Paul has brains.

I suppose you folks see some of the Old-timers run around with a neat button that says "20 years of service" on it. Well, I was lucky enough to be at the banquet these veterans had. I went disguised as the First Customer. They had the finest dinner Mr. Mennigke could ever plan and Mr. Stewart serve. To date, however, I haven't found anybody who ate all the dessert. It was too much!

When you stop for a friendly chat with "Dick" Walker, do you ever think that he has been a Fellow-worker since 1879? That's a long, long time. I venture to say that most of us hadn't been born yet, by quite a few years. Mr. Filson has 43 years of service behind him, and over sixty wear the enviable service button. They are to be envied, because they have stuck to their work, and helped this Big Store of ours grow. They have done things, and such people are always honored.



A Couple of Puzzled Co-workers Looking For A Department That Has Been Hastily Moved

THE FASHION SHOW

With a decorative setting that beggars description, our Spring Fashion Show of 1924 was, by far, the most successful yet in ways more than one. Live swans with gracefully arching necks and in pure, white splendor lent a unique atmosphere to the stage setting and lighting. An orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Caputo of our Musical Instruments Department, aided immeasurably with music in keeping with the occasion.

Of the displays, the wedding scene was particularly beautiful with its costumes of vivid colors and ornate dresses that were a delight to the heart feminine. Miss Mansfield, a model of wide repute from New York City, took the part of the bride and made a very pretty one indeed. The groom was absent, but grooms are not decorative at their best, so the absence escaped much attention. Miss Agnes Kaiser, one of our own co-workers, acted as the page and did her performing with a petite demureness that was very impressive.

The attendance was large at each showing but the crowds were orderly and well handled by a corps of ushers who took stations at the doors and at the entrance of the gallery. The elevator service was exceptional and few complaints were audible, despite the fact that many of the visitors came during their lunch periods from offices and made haste getting out at the end of the performances.

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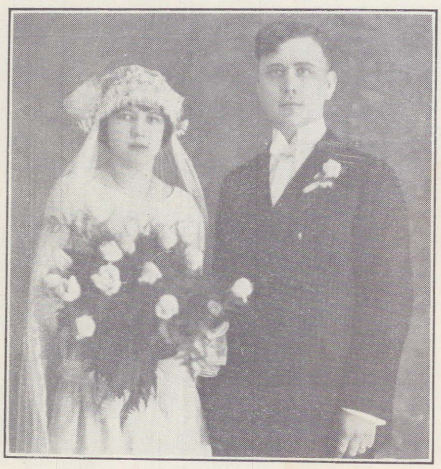

SUTER-MILLER

Mr. John Z. Miller from Sporting Goods and Miss Mary Suter of Meyersdale, were married in old Epiphany on St. Valentine's Day. Father King officiated.

John has been a Fellow-Worker about four years and is deservedly popular. It is safe to say that Mrs. Miller will always be pleased with her choice.

The Storagram wishes them a happy and prosperous life.

SHOE PEGS

A suggestion has been made that the next party do some stunts. Why not dress up as shoe horns?

Mr. Ferguson is now teaching singing in his spare time. As he is quite a singer himself, his teaching should be of value to his students.

Rumor has it that Miss Elaine Lieb will soon change her name.

Customer to one of the girls—"Pardon me but are you "36" (meaning her store number).

Girl, (a bit peeved)—"No, madam, **not** quite!"

Miss Zackowitz had a most interesting time while in New York.

The departmental meetings have been very interesting and instructive. Mr. Walters has spoken on the shoe trade, while Mr. Price talked about foot structure and proper fitting. We are getting very useful "dope", and will soon be experts in our line.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Miss Mary McCaffery in the loss of her brother as the result of an accident, also to Mr. Abe Walker for the death of his wife.

The Storagram will shortly publish an article on shoes. Shoes fill our understanding, nobody is excepted. We will tell a few things about shoes that will interest you.

A. H. GROSSMAN.

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Leather Goods

The girls in the Leather Goods are running opposition with each other. They are trying to see which one can look the prettiest with her bobbed and marcelled hair. Even Miss Kulhman, their buyer is participating.

Miss Burkhart sure is stepping out here lately. What is the big idea, Ned?

Last but not least, Our Buyer, Mr. Moffat is always on the job.

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Glum Prospect

"Don't cry, little boy. You'll get your reward in the end."

"S'pose so. That's where I allus do git it."
—Life.

✣ ✣ ✣

Mother Didn't See It.

A schoolmaster wrote the following criticism on the edge of a boy's report card:

"A good worker, but talks too much."

When the father signed the report and sent it back the card bore in addition to his signature this report: "You should hear his mother."—Greater Flint.

✣ ✣ ✣

True Salesmanship

"Cotton and Linens." Thompson.
"Exceptional Employee." Marden.
"Glassware." Lehmann.
"Human Side of Retail Selling." Leigh.
"Notions." Sander.
"Retail Selling and Store Management." Nystrom.
"Textiles." Gibbs.
"How to Sell and Retail." Charters.

GARAGE BACKFIRE

Mrs. Reynolds, the queen of Mr. Freeman's office has taken up bowling, but has been unable to win as yet. Rumor has it she does not eat lunch any more so as to be able to fit her new venture.

Miss Miller also from the super's office has all the girls beat when it comes to bowling. She is directly responsible for Mrs. Reynold's hunger-strike.

Some familiar sight—Ida Reusman hunting bargains.

Geis battling Bahl; Kelly's green sweater; Samheiner anytime; Kennedy's smile—Erb's smoke; and Hadley's smile.

If you want some old-time dope on how the deliveries were made in the old days, ask Heck now on Route No. 7. He sure has got the line down "pat".

Be prepared for a shock. What was deemed as impossible a few weeks ago has happened. Yes sir! Joe Faeder has shaved. Sounds funny but 'tis true!

Our old friend, George Koon K. P. has a terrible time. Those boys in the shipping room sure make a muss on the floor.

Jones, the elevator man has a tough time with the girls. They just won't let him alone and he can't keep track of his dates. Looks to me as if you need a secretary, Jones.

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FORBES STREET BOWLING SCANDAL

The Drivers and Shippers clashed again a while ago at the Plaza Alleys in Bloomfield. The drivers walked away with two of the three games played. It was a slow battle and the Shippers couldn't get started until too late.

Shippers	1st	2nd	3rd	Total	Aver.
Garrity	112	102	147	361	120⅓
Sonheimer	89	70	68	227	75⅔
Hanlon	95	91	118	304	101⅓
Gavein	99	104	94	297	99
Erb	120	97	103	320	106⅔
Total	515	464	530	1509	503

Drivers	1st	2nd	3rd	Total	Aver.
Hadley	102	114	104	320	106⅔
White	93	121	109	323	107⅔
Robinson	115	107	107	329	109⅔
Cole	66	106	94	266	88⅔
Smitt	120	122	139	381	127
Total	496	570	553	1619	539

Substitutions—Drivers: Hoffman for Cole in second game.

The feature of the game was the rolling of Smitt for the Drivers. He had the high average for the winning. It was reported that Sonheimer had sold out but it was later denied. He just couldn't find the pocket.

The climax of his hard luck came when in the last game. He was on a spare and his ball took some kind of a hook (must be his special) and rolled down the sewer. After doing this same thing twice thereby getting a big coat of whitewash for his spare he decided to give up the manly game forever.

GARAGE—Delivery Banquet Sights

Drivers Heck, McClure and Euler sporting red carnations. Must have thought they were attending a wedding.

Messrs. Lawler, Hanlon and Hauser moving a table. If George Guckert can repair what they smashed up, he's a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

Jack Geisler, Northside Warehouse celebrity and his usual coming in late. We'll forgive you this once, Jack, but brace up!

Drivers Dean and Bosworth! Yes, they're back again. Don't run away again, Old-timers, this is the best garage, after all!

The Hon. Mr. Doerfler, Northside Warehouse shipper. Don't be so late on showing up. Doerf, you missed the razor dance!

Mr. R. P. Wilcox, big boss from the N. S. Warehouse. He was present 100%, made a neat little address, and had a good time.

One of the entertainers singing, "Your Papa won't go out tonight." However, more than one "Pater familias" was present, else I'll never guess again.

Joe Hadley and his cigar. Say, Joe, were you present to enjoy the banquet or that Flor de stinkadore? (He also had some good cigarettes. I "bummed" a pack or so, Editor).

"Gas Tank" Fox was very much there. He didn't get that ribbon after all, but better luck next time, Fox.

Bill McKenna was popular with the entertainers. It pays to look like a sheik, doesn't it, Bill?

Driver McClane got in late, but finished strong.

The Unique quartette sang doggone well!

Ed Richey was there. Yes, he was! He hid behind that Chaplin moustache, but was recognized nevertheless.

Joe Faeder was in his glory. That bimba's getting younger every day!

Joe Meyers and Jack Hanlon panned each other as usual. They've been at it the last ten years and it seems to increase their friendship very much.

Dave Kelly was in the front row, of course. They say he felt peeved because he had no opera glass. Yes, he had no green sweater for once.

Barr sat beside Faeder all evening, and was very quiet. Did you stall your hunk of iron on the railroad tracks again, Joe?

Sanheimer wore a saw-edge collar and nearly cut his throat. Bet he won't do it again.

"Mag" Robinson was attired like a rose of Sharon. Oh boy! but he dolls up!

The shipping room was well represented, Kelley, Kennedy, Erb and Gavin having brought their gangs along.

Here's hoping that the next meeting comes soon!

—R. L. CHILDS.

CARPET WORKROOM DINNER

A complimentary "Get Together Dinner" was given by Mr. Silverstein on Monday evening, April 14th, at the Hotel Henry, for his employees of the carpet workroom.

In the address, he told in a brief and clear manner what each man's duties were, and a few of the important points of his talk follow:

I.. **Be loyal to your store.** When you are in a customer's home doing work be courteous and kind. Answer her or his questions in a polite manner and do your work as carefully as you can, watching not to destroy anything. Your work and manner will make an impression on your customer, which in turn will reflect on the store. You are the store's representative, figuratively speaking. "Kaufmann's," when you are in her home. Good workmanship, loyalty, courtesy and interest in your work will continue to make the customer a "Big Store customer."

II. **Watch your personal appearance.** Of course, your work may be hard, but see that you are neat, wear a collar and be as presentable as you possibly can when going to a customer's home.

III. **Leave your job in a neat manner.** After you have finished laying a carpet or linoleum, pick up all scraps, tacks, and other waste that you may have caused. Neatness in your work reflects on you as well as the store.

IV. **Be anxious that your work is your best.** Try and please your customer as much as you can. Do each job as though it were for yourself, for in reality it is for yourself. Each job done by you reflects on your capability and the progress you are making.

V. **If you are an apprentice** and only starting in the Carpet and Linoleum Laying business, do not expect too much, until you have learned the business.

In summing up, Mr. Silverstein pointed out that all the above qualities were taken into consideration when the time came for the adjusting of the force, as well as the advancement of the men. Those who have shown a tendency to be loyal to their store and their work, were courteous and not afraid of a few minutes overtime, and did the best they could; these were the men who were carried along during our dull period and advanced. Those who are disinterested must naturally not be surprised if they are let out first.

Mr. Greene also made some interesting remarks, bringing out the importance of harmony in work, as well as the necessity of courtesy and interest on the part of our workmen when in customer's homes.

Mr. Melsha was another of the speakers.

After a delightful dinner and cigars, every one went home with a spirit of good fellowship, resolving to do their work to the best of their ability.

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Received by the Want-Slip Department:—"Wanted—Rubber Policemen's Coats."

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There seems to be some attraction for H. Broida around the Employment Office lately. Wonder what it is?

THE CLERK AND THE SALESLADY

Customer—(After carefully examining a stocking on display)—"What is the price of this stocking, please?"

Employee—(Who has stood watching the customer, but shown no interest)—"$1.25, Madame."

Customer—"What else have you?"

Employee—"We have these for $1.57."

Customer—"Is this the best you have?"

Employee—"No, we have some for $2.25." She picks up a folded stocking and hands to the customer.

Customer—"Well, how do they differ?"

Employee—"Oh, the $2.25 one is a better quality, of course."

Customer walks away unhelped and dissatisfied.

Employee—(To her associate)—"Most of these people are just 'henning.' They make me tired."

Employee—(Aproaching a customer who is fingering a silk hose.)—"Good morning, may I help you?"

Customer—"What is the price of this stocking?"

Employee—"That is our special for today for $1.25 a pair. It is a very good wearing stocking for that price."

Customer—"It seems a bit thin. What else is there?"

Employee—"Here is our $1.57 stocking. (She slips her hand down the inside). It is all pure silk and will wear three times as long as the loaded silk. And here is a splendid value for $2.25. This, too, is all pure silk and quite heavy."

Customer—"What is the difference really between the $1.57 and the $2.25? You said they were both pure."

Employee—"This $2.25 stocking, of course, has a better, stronger silk fibre. It is knit more closely and reinforced at the heel, the toe, and also at the top. It is beautifully shaped, has more lustre and really looks better on the foot. Practically every one who tries this grade of stocking comes for more."

Customer—"Well, I'll try three pairs and if they prove satisfactory I'll come again."

Employee—(delivering the parcel)—"I feel sure you will enjoy wearing these stockings. I shall be glad to serve you when you come back for more."

Customer—"Thank you, very much."

Which one was simply the Clerk and which one the Saleslady?

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April Nineteenth, 1924.

Mr. Lickenbaugh,

Kaufmann's, "The Big Store",
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Dear Sir:

I want to thank you, Mr. Lickenbaugh, for your courtesies in the matter of the complaint which I made against your Department of Accounts, sometime ago and to assure you personally that your discussion with me explained the whole situation in a way that makes the Store absolutely right with both me and my wife.

PYORRHEA

Pyorrhea is the word used to indicate any diseased condition of the gums, from a slight redness to a condition where the tooth is loosely clinging in a pocket of pus. At least sixty per cent of our population over forty years of age have pyorrhea at some stage or other, and many others, even children, are also afflicted.

It has been said, "There is no diseased condition in medicine more injurious to the general health of the public, there is no disease more prevalent and doing more to undermine the physical health of our people, than this disease of the mouth." This should cause one to sit up and take notice. The reasons for this are Ignorance, Fear and Neglect.

Today as never before, the medical profession is educating the public through the schools, papers and periodicals. Even our advertising contains good health ideas from which one who really wishes to have a healthy body can easily obtain the necessary information.

Fear of pain keeps many from the dentist, Pyorrhea can be treated with no pain whatever, and with our modern methods other operative work can usually be done with but slight discomfort to the patient.

Neglect day after day, month after month, year after year is the cause for most of our dental troubles. In this age it is to be expected that our teeth, if left to take care of themselves will cause us a lot of trouble. Dentistry has proved itself time and time again and if one wishes to have a healthy mouth, he must place his mouth into some dentist's care, and cleans his teeth just as he cleans his food, his cups and saucers, knives, forks, and table linens. Nature does not seem, (in most cases) to be able to keep the mouth clean. This uncleanliness is caused by eating overprepared food. If man does not clean it, is it any wonder that the food debris, clinging there for hours, makes a fine place for germs to grow?

A good, sound set of teeth, fitting well together like the cogs of a grinding machine, vigorously used for chewing, are the best means of avoiding diseases of the gums. If the teeth do not fit well together by reason of being born with crooked teeth, cavities, loss of teeth, thumb sucking or any reason at all by which one of the cogs in this grinding machine is chipped, broken or misplaced, then there is a tendency for tartar to form. It is a hard crystalline, stonelike substance that forms near and under the gums. At first it is soft and easily removed. In eight hours it is too hard to be scrubbed from the teeth. This gradually forms into a hard nodule which causes the gums to recede or it forms a pocket. Food debris and saliva fill the pocket which favors germ growth. The germs break down into pieces and this poisons the system. This continues until the teeth loosen and fall out.

To avoid this one should clean the mouth after eating. A dentist should be visited every six months so that he can remove the tartar from sheltered places which the brush does not reach. The teeth should be kept in good condition to thoroughly perform their proper function, and with the comfort and clean feeling of a healthy mouth, one is more confident and happy in his dealings with his fellow man.

GEORGE W. NORRIS, D. D. S.

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A Gift To Milady

We heard an amusing tale about a girl, a young man and a bedspread that did not measure up to the usual standard of bedspreads. It's needless to mention names as everybody in the Warehouse has heard the story of the disappointing gift. We sympathize fully with the young lady and trust that the candy made amends for the disappointment.

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April 2, 1924.

Mr. Edgar Kaufmann,
Kaufmann's,
Fifth and Smithfield Streets,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Friend:

At last night's meeting of the Board of Directors and Trustees of the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, a resolution was unanimously passed to the effect that the President extend to you, formally, on behalf of the Federation, its profound appreciation for your great kindness and generosity in donating to the Federation valuable space in your advertising.

We feel indeed grateful to you for your splendid co-operation believing that no greater service can be rendered to our Jewish community than the opportunity, so generously given us, to present the significance and principles of organized Jewish philanthropy in its various important aspects, in the form of educational propaganda.

May I, on this occasion, add a word of personal appreciation to you for the various marks of friendship shown by you to the cause of our Federation and of Jewish philanthropy in general.

With cordial greetings, believe me,
Sincerely yours,
IRVIN F. LEHMAN,
President.

Another Appreciation About Our $1000 Poster Contest

1709 Sarah St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.,

Kaufmann's "The Big Store",
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gentlemen:

I received the check for five dollars, the prize given me for my poster in your contest. I wish to thank you very much.

Yours sincerely,
—ALLIE WILHELM.

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TO A FELLOW SCRIVENER

The January-February issue of The Storagram marked the last to appear under the regime of Mr. H. R. Freundt, who took up the editorial reins when Mrs. Hauser, (nee Miss Reedy), dropped them some time ago. While under his direction, our magazine made some wonderful strides and we must, in all justice, give Mr. Freundt the credit his persevering work merits.

He was in the employ of "The Big Store" for some years, (we don't know how many), and served in various capacities before he took over the editing job. In each position he acquitted himself creditably and was well liked by all who knew him.

He leaves a host of friends here and we're all well-wishers. We sincerely hope that Mr. Freundt will meet with continued success in his new position and that he will look upon us all as the friendliest folk ever.

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"THE MEANING OF COURTESY IN THE B. of I."

Treating a customer like a rich uncle, or aunt, so that we can gain their patronage is not courtesy—that's foresight.

Offering a seat to the customer who may enter our office is not courtesy—that's duty.

Listening to the grumbling, growling and groaning of a customer with a difficult complaint to adjust without remonstrating, is not courtesy—that's forbearance.

Offering our customers a magazine or drawing them in conversation when they must wait while a fellow-worker adjusts a complaint, is not courtesy—that shows the customer we are interested in them.

Helping a customer to the elevator or directing a customer about the store, is not courtesy—that's politeness.

Courtesy springs from the heart. If the mind prompts the action, there is a reason; if there is a reason, it is not courtesy—for courtesy has no reasons.

Courtesy is doing that which nothing under the sun makes you do but interest and human kindness. Therefore let us treat our customers of the "B. of I" with the real courtesy and prove to them that Kaufmann's "The Big Store" is really interested in them and their satisfaction.

Let us send our customers out with a smile of satisfaction and full of praise for Kaufmann's service and merchandise.

—L. PURLE.

GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN CHILD

Of course there never was such a baby as yours, Mrs. Spindler, and the halo surrounding his adorable head is ample proof of our sincerity when we agree with you that he is really angelic. It seems to us however, that this is a stock descriptive of babies in general and it is most disappointing to note how many of the cherubs at birth turn out to be rather sooty angels in manhood.

But we're sure the Spindler heir will keep his heavenly qualities, despite the fact that angels are rarely pictured with so little head covering. That hair has taken an interrogatory turn, hasn't it? And you must excuse the tooth but we personally believe it enhances the beauty of your dimpled darling.

TO THE MEN OF "THE BIG STORE"

Since the acquisition of the exclusive Pittsburgh agency for the famous "Hickey-Freeman" brand of Men's Clothing, we now have a display of apparel that is representative of the finest manufacturers in the country. Both "Kuppenheimer" and Hickey-Freeman" are nationally known as the leaders in their fields, so you can do no better than to make your clothing selections from our stocks.

The newest patterns, seasonable colors and sensibly tailored models of superior design are here for your selection. Pay an inspection visit and glance over the enlarged stock that offers such fine, unhurried choosing.

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Author	Title	No.
Arnim 'C· von	**The Enchanted April**	A4749en
Bennett, Arnold	**Riceyman Steps**	
Bower, B. M.	**The Parowan Bananza**	S6163pa
Cather, W. S.	**A Lost Lady**	C2822L
Connor, Ralph	**The Gaspards of Pine Croft**	C7532ga
Conrad, Joseph	**The Rover**	
Cullum, Ridgwell	**The Luck of The Kid**	C915L
Curwood, J. O.	**The Alaskan**	C936a
Day, Holman	**The Loving are the Daring**	D3342L
Diver, Maud	**Candles in The Wind**	D646c
Farnoi, Jeffery	**Sir John Dering**	F245s
Fairbank, Janet A.	**Cortlandts of Washington Square**	F635ma
Fletcher, J. S.	**The Markenmore Mystery**	G145fa
Gale, Zona	**Faint Perfume**	G145b
Gale, Zona	**Birth**	G157ca
Galsworthy, John	**Captures**	H273re
Harker, Mrs. L. A.	**The Really Romantic Age**	J281an
Jerome, J. K.	**Anthony John**	K2632ha
King, Basil	**The Happy Isles**	L7162do
Lincoln, J. C.	**Doctor Nye**	L759L
Locke, W. J.	**The Lengthened Shadow**	L9822t
Lutz, Mrs. G. L. Hill	**Tomorrow about this Time**	M143o
McCutcheon, G. B.	**Oliver October**	M173b
McIntyre, J. T.	**Blowing Weather**	
Merwin, Samuel	**Silk**	M7482c
Mitchell, R. C.	**Corduroy**	
Montague, Margaret P.	**Deep Channel**	N319hp
Nicholson, Meredith	**The Home of Happiness**	N4524br
Norris, Chas. G.	**Bread**	N4532b
Norris, Kathleen	**Butterfly**	P972st
Prouty, O. H.	**Stella Dallas**	Q29h
Quick, Herbert	**The Hawkeye**	R425ru
Richard, G. S.	**Rufus**	R5362s
Roberts, Cecil	**Scissors**	R547t
Robins, Elizabeth	**Time is Whispering**	3113f
Sabatini, Rafael	**Fortune's Fool**	S617h
Singmaster, Elsie	**The Hidden Road**	
Smith, S. K.	**The End of the House of Alord**	S659e
Stern, G. B.	**The Back Seat**	S8393b
Swinnerton, Frank	**Young Felix**	S9782y
Tilden, Freeman	**Mr. Podd**	T4642m
Train, Arthur	**His Children's Children**	T684hi
Walpole, Hugh	**Jeremy and Hamlet**	W1862je
Wharton, Edith	**A Son at the Front**	W5932so
Williamson, C. N. & A. M.	**The Night of the Wedding**	W751n
Willsie, Mrs. Honors	**The Exile of The Lariat**	W762ex
Wilson, H. L.	**O Doctor**	W768o
Wilson, Margaret	**The Able McLaughlins**	
Wodehouse, P. G.	**Mostly Sally**	W832m

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"Service is the rent we pay for the space we occupy on this earth."

—Harrison Nesbit